

This is a ghost story, or rather it is a story about ghosts. Now, I say this openly and above board, knowing so well that there are a great many people who are inclined to shrug their shoulders and wrinkle their brows and wink one eye when they read anything of the kind. So be it.

As for myself, I could never see any good reason for such an attitude, for we must all of us admit that there are ghosts. If there were no ghosts, we would not find the word in the dictionary; and we do find it there printed in type just as big as any word there is. Now, a ghost is defined as a spirit without a body, or a spirit of any kind; a demon, a specter, and things like that. If there were no ghosts, there would be nothing about them in that book, would there? I can see no flaw in that argument; can you? And if there are ghosts, it stands to reason that somebody must run across one now and then.

Now, if somebody runs across a ghost and comes and tells you about it, why should you try to discredit the bearer of such news? Of course there are ghosts, and you have no reason to doubt it just because you have never seen one. For that matter, you have never seen the center of the earth either. But I assume you believe there is a center and that our lives are better off because of it. Using the same logic, one just might as well eat green apples and then claim that there was indeed no such thing as a bad pain in the stomach because one never saw the pain. And it may be that you have never seen a ghost simply because you were sure that you did not ever want to see one as long as you lived.

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